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LETTER

To the REVEREND

Mr. *William Hobby,*

Pastor of the First Church in *Reading.*



By *J. F.*
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First Slave to Words, then Vassal to a Name,
Then Dupe to Party; Child and Man the same;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling Head, and a contracted Heart.

DUNCIAD.

Book IV. X. 501.



Printed in the Year.

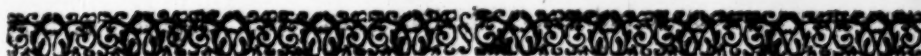
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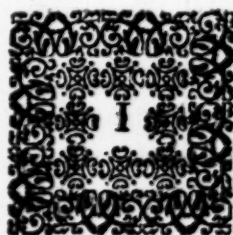
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LETTER, &c.



Boston, April 5. 1745.

Rev. Sir,



Neither ask, nor need your Pardon, for sending you by Way of the Press, these free Animadversions on your Letter to your anonymous Friend ; since by the Publication you have submitted it to public Examination, and given every one a Right to remark on it, and to appeal to the World for the Justness of such Remarks. You may therefore expect to be treated in the following Piece with Justice, but with no more Ceremony, or Complaisance, than you have merited.

This Letter you call, “ An Inquiry into the Itinerancy, and the
 “ Conduct of the Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield*, an Itinerant Preacher:
 Vindicating

“ Vindicating the former against the Charge of Unlawfulness and
 “ Inexpediency, and the latter against some Aspersions, which have
 “ been frequently cast upon *him*.

When I had read your Letter, *Sir*, and cast my Eyes back on this Part of your Title Page, I could not avoid Surprize, to find an English Author, one who affixes, *A. M.* to his Name, so much a Stranger to his Mother Tongue, as to think the Itinerancy of an Itinerant, and the Conduct of an Itinerant meant two distinct Things, and to mistake Conduct for a Person, *calling it him* ; and withal so ignorant of the first and principal Subject of his own Piece, *viz.* Itinerancy in general, in Defence of which he had lavished ten Pages of Words, as to represent it in the Title Page, as only the particular Itinerancy of Mr. *Whitefield*. ----- A doughty Author indeed, to write a Piece in Favour of *religious Quixotism*, when he could not so much as indite a Title-Page, that was *English*, or that express'd what he *intended to defend* !

But, *Sir*, tho' you was puzzled to give an Account of the Purport of your Letter, yet if you'l look to the first Sentence, you may see what it ought to have been : The Question your Friend puts is, *What you thought of Itinerancy, and the Conduct of the Itinerant, Mr. Whitefield* : And now, *Sir*, let us see how you answer the Question.

You begin, in Page 4, a Vindication of Itinerancy, and go on about two Pages to prove it is not contrary to the Word of God. If by *contrary* you mean, that the Scriptures do not interdict Itinerancy in explicit Terms, 'tis granted you ; neither do they expressly forbid *Knight Errantry* : But what is all this to your Purpose ? Do not the Scriptures, as well as Reason, condemn all Practices that are hurtful to Mankind, and require such as promote the general Good ? As you are a *Preacher*, you *ought* to know This, and in Consequence, where Itinerancy does more Mischief than Good, *there* the Scriptures and Reason are against it ; and on the contrary, where it does
 more

more Good than Mischief, *there* the Scriptures and Reason require Itinerancy. So that all the Dispute concerning the Lawfulness of Itinerancy in any Place, is reduced to this single Question, *Whether Itinerancy will there do most Mischief or Good.* I don't therefore see any distinct Meaning in all you have said under your second Query, or why you should insert it here, rather than spare it to *lengthen* out one of your *Sermons*.

Now let us see what you say to the Point, under your third Query, concerning the good and valuable Purposes Itinerancy may subserve. Here you might have spar'd your pompous Voyage to the *West Indies*, to prove the Utility of Itinerancy in those Islands: I am content, *Sir*, Itinerancy should be as useful in the *West Indies* as you please, but pray then send your Itinerants there.

What you add to prove, that whatever concludes for P. 7, & 8. Itinerancy in the *West Indies*, concludes for it in *New-England*, puts me in Mind of *Hudibras's* Description of Nonsense; that it is neither true nor false; and what *Mr. Addison* says of it, that it can neither be confuted, nor expos'd. ----

You likewise tell us a long Story of the Itinerating of P. 11, 12, 13. Dissenters in *England*; but can even *Mr. Hobby himself* think this any thing to his Purpose, 'till he has proved it justifiable in Them, and that their Circumstances and ours are the same. But between your Voyage to the *West Indies*, and your Trip to *England*, you touch at *New-England*, and tell of the mighty Feats of Itinerancy here. However romantic the Cant may be, I'll take your Word for it all, and admit it to be true; but still it remains for you to prove, that this supposed Good exceeds the Mischief.

Now, *Sir*, we are coming to the Point. You ask,
 Supposing a great deal of Good has been done, yet has P. 9.
 not much Evil accompanied it? You shou'd have ask'd,
Supposing a great deal of Good has been done, han't there been more Mis-
chief? *Rev. Sir*, Was you so ignorant as not to know what the
 true

true Question was, or so insincere as to shuffle it out of Sight ? Seeing you are a Minister, and a *converted One too*, as you hint, in Page 20, I'll suppose you stated the Question as well as you understood it. But how do you Answer this Question, even in your own Way of stating it ? You allow there are Mischiefs, but then to overthrow all Objections of this Nature at once, you ask, Do these Things necessarily in the Nature of Things flow from Itinerancy ? Is this properly causal of them ? And then put it out of all Dispute for ever by this Reply, I TROW NOT. Consummate Proof ! The Ingenious, the Great Mr. *Hobby* throws not !

And this is all you could say to an Objection that must be answered, or else all you offer in Support of the present Itinerancy, and *Whitefield* the Author of it, is Sophistry, covered with too thin a Disguise to need any Detection.

Rev. Sir, How came you to set up for a Reasoner, or attempt to dispute ? Do you know how you have expos'd your self, and how your Character stands naked to the View of the World ? *Sir*, I pity you, and wish you could have seen your self in that *true Light*, your discerning Observers always beheld you, that it might have depress'd your Ambition, as low as your Understanding, made you content with the Applauses the good Women and Others in your Parish gave you, and you had deem'd it a Pittance of Honour, at least equal to your Merit, to have half the Farmers and Mechanics in a Country Parish, with their Wives and Children, boldly affirm, that Mr. *Hobby* is a great *Schollard*, and an *high-learn'd Man* ! But alas ! That constitutional Vanity, that has always blinded you into a romantic Opinion of your self, has not been able to bear even these little Applauses, without being so intoxicated with them, as to *salley* out from *Obscurity*, the only Thing that could screen you from Censure and Contempt, into the World, in *Quest* of Fame.

Tho'

Tho' you intimate this is not your first Attempt to Reason, yet you must pardon me, *Rev. Sir*, if I never expect Argument, and such a profane Thing as Reason, from one who understands Religion by its feeling. P. 20.

You declare, that you would not give an half penny for a Religion that could not be felt; Nor I, *Sir*, a Farthing for all the Religion you ever felt. Feel again, *Sir*, seeing 'tis so agreeable to you to feel. But did you never feel any Thing more agreeable to you, than any Religion feels? And since you are such a remarkable Feeler, suffer me to ask you, Among all your Feelings, did you ever feel such a Thing as Shame? Did you ever feel a Love to Truth and Honesty? And how did you feel when you wrote your Letter? Did you imagine your self in the Pulpit, addressing a vulgar Crowd, gaping to receive every Thing you offered, as the Word of God delivered by his Ambassador *Hobly*? Did you think the World would receive your Peice, with the same implicit Faith and blind Approbation, your Hearers do your Sunday Harangues? From what old doating Nurse did you receive your Notions of your self and Mankind? With whom have you convers'd, that they have not corrected your Mistakes, and taught you, that the World will see thro' such Bombast and Cant, and despise the Man that undertakes to write, without one single Talent to qualify him for the Undertaking?

You may indeed think your Graces qualify you for an Author; your Character therefore in this Respect deserves Attention: But as I have never seen, or heard any Thing of your Sanctity, I must depend on your Letter to furnish the Evidences of it. You hint, in Page 20, that you led a bad Life at College, and I have good Reason to believe you did. But it is unaccountable to most People, how you might have been a Gainer by selling your Right to Heaven then, for a Mess of Postage, and yet not gain as much by it now, if any Body would give you one for it. --- Was you not ~~elated~~ then? But you'll say you are converted now. Are you a *Calvinist*,

Calvinist, and yet undervalue the Rights of Election at this Rate ?
What will your Master *Whitefield* say to you ?

However this may be, so far we may collect, that you was converted since you left the College, and you drop something, in Page 24, that makes me suspect you attribute it to *Whitefield*, and I take it as a Clue to your Mind, when you speak of your *Don Quixote's* setting Hell into an Uproar. No doubt the Loss sustained there, when *Don* gain'd you, and the Importance of such an Acquisition, must raise the wildest Uproar and Confusion.

But, *Rev. Sir*, let me ask you, Do not Sincerity and Modesty belong to true Religion ? And how far are they discoverable in the Religion you have felt ? See how you shuffle, in Page 15, to conceal your Master's Breach of Trust in respect of his Collections for the Orphan House. He has laid out no Money, in Houses, and Lands ; *ergo*, he has not squanderd it away. Mr. *Whitefield* walks closely with God ; *ergo*, it is Malice to suspect him. He bequeath'd but little in his Will ; *ergo*----- See how you endeavour, Pages 18 and 19, to defend libelling, and spreading slanderous Reports ; and not only plead for this Vice, but actually practice it your self. See your Pertness in charging Malice and Envy upon those that will not say as you do, representing the Opposers, as you call them, as Hypocrites and profane Persons, and insolently ranking them with Devils. These, *Sir*, are the Fruits of your Religion ; and of the Tree we must judge by its Fruits

For your Religion, it is fit
To match your Learning and your Wit.
HUDIBRASS.

The little witty Scraps, *Sir*, that you have scatter'd thro' your Piece to sparkle like Glow-Worms in the Dark, only render the Puerility and Depravation of your Mind more conspicuous. Witness your profane prostituting of a Text of Scripture to serve a low Quibble

Quibble on Mr. *M----*s Circumcision. Is this a Convert ! A Minister ! An Ambassador of Christ, who pretends to take Care of Souls ! *Rev. Sir*, You mention Ministers that are miserable Wretches, and say, God knows some of them preach poorly enough. Now what are you, who handle a Text of Scripture in this Manner !

Another Essay of your clumsy Wit, is that of Mr. *Foxcroft*'s killing a Flea with too *large* a Maul. A Maul for a Flea, no, the Point does not lie there ; but it was too *large*, ah ! there's the Picquancy. *Sir*, I think a Maul would much better become you, than a Pen. Tho' if you think your self as well qualified to judge of that Controversy, as the Apologist thought himself to write upon it, read my Letter to him, and seeing he could not, do you write an Answer to it.

Really I know of no Man so likely to approve of Mr. *Foxcroft*'s Apology as you : You, who have apologiz'd for Breach of Trust, and propagating Scandal ; and impiously abused a Text of sacred Scripture, for the Sake of a sordid Pun, may well be pleas'd, with an Attempt to defend Violation of Subscriptions and Oaths, and publicly applaud the varnishing over Guilt so like your own. For you have openly patroniz'd Scandal and Perfidy, tho' under the most solemn Engagements to promote Truth, Charity, and Fidelity. I charge this upon you from your Letter, and not from private Information, tho' according to your Rule, this would justify publishing any Reports against you, even to the Ruin of your Reputation. Innocence it self can be no Protection to Characters, nor the most solemn Promises and Oaths any longer bind the Consciences of Men, if such mean, barefac'd Shuffling as yours, such as a Jesuit would be asham'd to own, should be thought to dissolve the Ties of Honour, and the most sacred Engagements. Few Men have violated their Trust, and stain'd the Reputation of others, without Remorse ; but fewer have been so abandon'd, as to endeavour to justify such Things to the World. And dare you, a Minister of the Gospel, do this !

Can you still wear the sanctimonious Guise of Religion ; and coupling your self with Mr. *Whitefield*, compare yourselves to the Sun, and your Foibles, as you call them, to its Spots ! Do you feel no Reproaches of Conscience ! Have you no Emotions of Fear or Shame !

I am pain'd at the Inspection of such a Mind, and conceive such an Horror, at the Sight of human Nature thus deprav'd, that I am oblig'd to seek Relief, by turning my Attention to some less shocking Things in your Character.

As you value your self on the Propriety and Elegance of your Stile, let me give you the Pleasure of a few Beauties in it. You talk, Page 1. of having your Thoughts urg'd----of being greatly loth to indulge : Page 10. of Doctrines breathing Glory to God : Page 11: of rejecting a Piece of Gold, because of a *brazen Thing speciously counterfeited* : Page 20. of contracting a full Knowledge : 'Twould be endless to collect all ; let these serve for Samples. But for the Glory of your Genius, and as an Instance of your Taste, let me take Notice of this Period : A shining Light, shining in the Brightness of the Gospel, blazing out against Vice, glowing with a divine Principle. Shining, Blazing, Glowing. This is a Constellation of Beauties, and had it been in Rhyme, would have made a blazing Anti-climax, in Dean *Swift's* Art of sinking in Poetry.

And thou *Dalbouffy*, the great God of War,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

Sir, You are so well painted by Mr. *Pope*, in the Character he has given your Brother *Arnall*, that I can't help copying of it.

---- Bold *Arnall* ; with a Weight of Scull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and Storms his circling Arms invest,
With all the Might of Gravitation blest.
No Crab more active at the dirty Dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the Bottom on his Head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

DUNCIAD.

Book II. v. 315. v.

Rev. Sir, A natural Bathos, you see, brings a Man to the Dirt ; and this accounts for your ungentleman-like Scandal, and Delight in defending it in others.

But, *Rev. Sir,* I am tired with such Objects as you, and your Piece. I have long known you so well, that I should not have read your Letter, or indeed any Thing else that you could write ; had not several sensible and honest Friends represented to me, that however insignificant the Author, or trifling the Piece, yet it might do Mischief among some weak People, if it was suffer'd to pass without Reflections. 'Tis to express my Abhorrence, at all Attempts to debauch and stupify the Minds of the Vulgar, that I write you this, and not with any Expectations of convincing and reforming you. I'm therefore not at all concern'd to know how you'll receive it---- You may resent it if you please : I equally disregard your Parts, and your Resentment. I'm only concern'd for your Friends, whom you have griev'd by thus exposing your self, and wish for their Sakes, that your Passions had not hurried you on to write, and thereby made your self a Subject for public Ridicule and Contempt.

I am,

Rev. Sir,

Your humble Servant,

J. F.



... A natural Baring, you see, brings a stain to the face
and this accounts for your ungentleman-like behaviour, and I thought
it in order.

... I am tired with such efforts as you, and your
... long known you is well, that I should not have read
... of indeed say I think this that you could write; had
... and I think I should have been repented to me, that how-
... the place, yet it might be
... it was found to pass without
... to expect my appearance, at all Attempts to
... the Vulgar, that I write you this
... and informing you
... how you receive
... your part
... and with their faces
... to write, and thereby
... in the Country.



Ms. A. 9. 2. 11

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